But 'Twas Swifty, He of the Crescent A. C., When He Opened His Own Bazoo Made Monsters Creep in the Neighboring Deep-Crowd at Bay Ridge, Too.

Norman Williams, broker, songster and member of the Crescent Athletic Club. is so deliberate in his movements that he is known as Swifty Williams, and one hot evening not long ago when he and a gin rickey were together on the veranda of the Crescent's country house Swifty broke into words.

"There ought to be enough members of this club." Swifty began slowly when there was a lull in the conversation, "who are willing to go out on a stage down at the boat house and make fools of themselves for two hours to get up a minstrel show. I'm willing to be one of them. We don't want people in this show who can sing and dance, but we do want folks that can't sing and dance.

Which was done Ships that crept through the Narrows in the dying day and dawning eve sidled anxiously toward the Bay Ridge shore last night to get closer to the Crescent's boat house, which was ablaze with lights and gurgling with song and quip and merry est. Only discipline kept officers and crew of the revenue cutter Mohawk, far across the Narrows off Tompkinsville, from digging up the anchor and beating it across the Narrows to get closer to the ravishing melodies and sidesplitting wheezes that Swifty Williams and Oak Wood and Doc C. J. Mapp and Jay Soprano Jones and Snide Snyder and Darby McCahill and Arthur Featherweight Aldridge and ex-Knocko Walker and That's All Wilson and Orphan Crichton and the rest of the black face artists were handing out with the

persistency of a machine gun.

But when in the course of the first part Tenor J. J. Page struck the lines of the beautiful sentimental ballad, entitled "As Long as the World Rolls On," where he sings: "When you hear me sa-a-ay I o-o-ove you" (going up and up and up higher and higher and higher, and the cornet getting louder and louder on that "I o-o-o-ove you," and the snare drummer weeping on his splendid instrument with emotion, and the bass drummer beating a crescendo ruffle that stole into your very soul as it chased Tenor Page right up to high C)-well, when that part came along the revenue cutter bunch just couldn't stand it any longer, and the skipper reached over the side and hauled the anchor onto the deck, and the Mohawk steamed across to an anchorage right near the L. U. E of the stage.

Far out at sea the liners headed for Eurpoe hesitated, then as the passengers pleaded with the captains the liners swung in great circles and did come back, their funnels shooting great showers of sparks into the right, and the bones in their teeth stretching across the Narrows from shore to shore. For it was some song.

Orphan Crichton, who was interlocutor of the show, and looks like Secretary Taft in every direction, was entirely surrounded when the curtain went up. Orphan was glorious in evening clothes with white satin lanels that bore two red crescents on the satin surface, and the smokes around him had white satin lapels, also decorated with red crescents, but with only one crescent per coat, owing to their being out-

cent per coat, owing to their being out-ianked by Orphan.

Doc Mapp and Oak Wood, the bones, and Swifty Williams and Jay Soprano Jones, the tambos, might have been well councid plates of strawberry and vanilla ice cream in their red and white costumes; and they had collars with wings that reached out to a couple of rows more or less; beyond Charley Van Baar's orchestra. All this time too one couldn't help but sympathise with Titmouse Stebblns, the Maiden lane diamond dealer, who was stage manager

and property man.

It was a hot night and Titmouse sure had some labor to attend to all over the works. back stage and front. Furthermore he was weighted down with his collection of pinochle medals, which were heavy enough to carry when he won them, but which now, with the diamonds and other gems that Titmouse has had his men fasten to the medals in layers, made a load that only a man of Titmouse's physique and endurance could lug around and get away with it. The instant the last of the delirious har-

monies of the opening chorus had rolled across the water to Staten Island and before the echo had got back Tambo Jay Soprano Jones bit into Ben Burt's classy lyric, "Much Obliged to You." The pathos of the lines was succeeded by even greater pathos when Doc Mapp, the Brooklyn dentist when Doc Mapp, the Brooklyn dentist who doesn't advertise on the buildings between here and Coney Island, put one over called "Nobody Loves a Fat Man." A deletul minor strain ran all through the song, and it ended with a final wail that made even the minstrels cry till their tears washed off some of the burnt cork and left

them black and tan.
It was then that Tenor Page sang the called that caused the liners to turn back and the cutter Mohawk to crowd closer. and the cutter Monawk to crowd closer. Snide Snyder, with a bass voice that caused Titmouse Steboins's medals to rattle until the diamonds loosened in their sockets, sang "Asleep in the Deep." If there was a single soul asleep in the deep any place within the three mile limit that soul woke up after the second bar and swam ashore. Cottagers sitting on their porches over at Dyker Heights debated whether the thunder war game was on again at the forts out to seaward. But it was Snide Snyder gripping his knees in a crouching position as he reached down for the final sob.

Swifty Williams, who would remind one probly of Vice-President Fairbanks if Mr. Fairbanks were taller and had less weight, then thrilled the audience with "A Handsome Brave Life Saver." Some-body handed Swifty a life preserver from one of the beats near by as a bouquet as he warbled the final.

Going down the third time, Don't you hear my cry? Save me or you'll lose your job, For I'll drink the ocean dry.

Oak Wood had a baseball song redolent of Biblical items wherein Eve stole first and Adam second, and Ruth in the field won fame: Goliath was struck out by David too, seems, and Abel made a base hit on Cain. And the Prodigal Son made one home run, and Noah gave out checks for rain. But Songster Wood's big hit, and it was the song hit of the show, was a piece of art called "Say, Wouldn't It Be a Dream." Ex-Knocko Walker wrote the song and it teemed with local Crescent gags that were appreci-

Commodore Frankie That's All Wilson did a skirt dance and was introduced as Miss Mae Murray, the world's première danceuse, kind permission of Oscar Hammerstein. Mae Murray had his motor boat, the Sumida, anchored right near the stage door so that he could make a hurried get-away if his art didn't please. Instead he was encored again and again. Williams and Walker (Swifty and Ex-Knocko, not the professionals) followed the skirt dance with patter and hot air, and the show closed with a skit called "The Grill Room."

"The Grill Room" skit, so the programme said, was given to satisfy the curiosity of the girl visitors to the club's town house, who long have wished to see what the grill room was like around midnight. Besides room was like around midnight. Besides the blackface artists already mentioned the grill room performers included Charley Haleigh, Ralph Sears, Barclay Dunham, G. W. Taylor, Howard Drakeley and P. F. At Lee, the only lily white Chink in Brooklyn. And when the last note had died away the liners resumed their course to Europe in the Mohawk reluctantly steamed back to Tompkinsville and everybody else to Tompkinsville and everybody steamed up to the clubhouse veranda trickeys and Pimple cocktails.

THE WOLCOTT WELCOMES DOGS. BABES IN THE SEA BREEZES pecial Quarters for Them Now With Prime Donna Fixings.

Dogs contemplating visiting the Hotel Wolcott, at Thirty-first street and Fifth avenue, are notified that hereafter they will receive extraordinary attention. The hotel itself advises The Sun as follows:

The anguish of being torn from the arms of his mistress and handed over to the tender mercies of a burly porter are to be spared the Fidos and other canine darlings whose mis-tresses stay in passing at the Hotel Wolcott. Instead of being dragged shricking to the baggage room, they may be carried to perfectly appointed quarters, containing all the comforts of home, even down to cushions, protected baskets and food dishes suited to luxurious darlings of the rich. Added to that there is a bathroom, on one side of which will be several small porcelain tubs, showers and all, in which doggies can be bathed in approved fashion after a dusty journey in the train. Tiny cakes of tar or scented soap

as desired are provided.

Realizing that there is a measure of reason in the anxiety felt about dogs accustomed to the luxury of boudoirs, George T. Stockham, proprietor of the Wolcott, conceived the idea of soothing the anguished feelings of all concerned by arranging a room that should suit even the most fastidious of humans and

The beds are wicker baskets of different sizes, each having the curved top to protect Fido from undesirable draughts. In each will be a down cushion, covered with a fine white linen case that is changed daily. A stout but light leather leash is to be fastened to the wall near each basket that the dog may be secured if desired. Across one end of the room a wire rope will be stretched between two rings on which several bulleys are being arranged. To the pulley a dog may be fastened and can exercise himself. The floor space about this will be thickly covered with disinfected saw-

and water is kept in sanitary cups. On the departure of Fido the basket in which he has slept is to be fumigated. Fide's mistress's own maid may give him his tub or his ablutions, and feeding will be attended to on request by Elise, the Wolcott's French maid.

It has been decided that Fido shall be permitted to pay a visit to his mistress in her own apartment at any time during the day, and he can receive his friends at home whenever they

OBJECT TO ANOTHER FT. GEORGE. Van Cortlandt Park Neighborhood Protests Against Resort License.

Many owners of property in the Van Cortlandt Park district appeared yesterday at a public hearing held in the City Hall by John P. Corrigan, chief of the Hall by John P. Corrigan, chief of the Bureau of Licenses, to protest against the licensing of an amusement resort at Spuyten Duyvil Parkway and Van Cortlandt Park. The applicant for the license was James Thom, who has a similar resort at Fort George. It was contended by those who objected that the license would mean the ruin of the neighborhood for residential purposes. Police Captain Cottrell said that when he was in charge of the precinct in which Fort George is he had to insist that Thom employ special policemen to maintain order in his place. The hearing was adjourned until Monday afternoon.

THIRTY VOTES IN ONE FAMILY And They Will All Go to Taft-Gave Roosevelt Twenty-six.

MISHAWAKA, Ind., June 24 .- The family of William Potts of this city will, at the coming election, cast thirty votes for the Republican nominee for President. There are nine sons, all Republicans. Added to these are seventeen nephews, all of the these are seventeen nephews, all of the same political complexion. The brothers of Potts make up the total of thirty votes. The Potts family gave McKinley twensy votes, Roosevelt got twenty-six and now Taft will land all of the family again. Not a member of the family has ever voted any except the Republican ticket.

FATHER KILPATRICK DEAD. Williamsburg Pastor Succumbs After an Operation for Appendicitis.

The Rev. Joseph Kilpatrick, pastor of the avenue. Williamsburg, and one of the most avenue, Williamsburg, and one of the most widely known and popular Catholic priests in Brooklyn, died last night in the Eastern District Hospital after undergoing an operation for appendicitis. He became ill on Sunday while celebrating mass and it was only with great difficulty that he was able to finish the service.

When Father Kilpatrick was teld that he would die he was resigned, and after-

he would die he was resigned, and after-ward relatives and elerical friends who called at the hospital to inquire after his condition took leave of him. Sister Mary Joseph, a sister of the priest, was pros-

Father Kilpatrick was 53 years old and Father Kilpatrick was 53 years old and was born in Brooklyn. He studied for the priesthood at Mount St. Mary's Seminary, Emmitsburg, Md. He was ordained there, and his first appointment was assistant at the Church of St. Mary Star of the Sea in Brooklyn. He then went to the Church of the Transfiguration in Williamsburg, after which he was transferred to Babylon. He later returned to St. Ambrose's Church, Brooklyn, where he remained until he took the pastorate of SS. Peter and Paul.

The funeral will probably be held on Saturday morning.

OBITUARY.

William Livingston Watson, for the last twenty-eight years one of the leading real estate brokers in Utica, died at his home in that city yesterday of cerebral hemorrhage. Mr. Watson was the only son of Dr. William H. Watson of this city, formerly a regent of the State University and was 52 years old. He was educated at Exeter Academy in New Hampshire and his university course was taken at Harvard, from which he was graduated in 1879. On October 12, 1887, Mr. Watson married Miss Alice C. Parkinson of Jamaica Plain, Mass., who died on October 4, 1893. On April 22, 1898, he married Miss Ellen Swan of Baltimore, who survives him. He is also survived by one daughter, Alice Watson, and by his father, Dr. William H. Watson, and by one sister, Miss Lucy Carlile Watson.

Sir William Whiteway, former Premier of

his father, Dr. William H. Watson, and by one sister, Miss Lucy Carlile Watson.

Sir William Whiteway, former Premier of Newfoundland, died yesterday at St. John's, Newfoundland, died yesterday at St. John's, Newfoundland, He was born in 1828 in Devon, England. He was admitted to the bar in Newfoundland in 1852 and became Q. C. in 1862. He was Speaker of the Provincial Assembly, Solicitor-General and Premier, and Attorney-General from 1878 to 1885 and 1889 to 1897. He was made Knight Commander of of St. Michael and St. George in 1880, and a Privy Councillor of England in 1897. He was twice married.

Frederick A. Buell, 92 years old, of Belleville, N. J., died suddenly last night at the home of his son, Miles H. Buell of Smith street, Belleville, from old age. He was very active up to the time of his death. He was born in Litchfield, Conn. His wife clied about two years ago, at the age of 89. Mr. Buell was temperate, but he had smoked tobacco since he was 10 years old. He never was sick a day in his long life. Besides his son in Belleville, four other sons and two daughters survive him.

Charles Payne Sears, artist, died at Atlantic

him.

Charles Payne Sears, artist, died at Atlantic Highlands on Tuesday night after an illness of over a year. He was a member and officer of the Monmouth Cavalry Troop and was a correspondent of several New York newspapers. He leaves a widow and four young daughters. Mr. Sears was born in New York in 1864.

Brightest Windows in Town.

The New York Edison Company is letting its light so shine from its new building at 124 West Forty-second street that it is pretty nearly putting out the eyes of the passersby. Eighty 100-watt tungsten lamps stuck all over the ceiling above both windows and the entrance are equipped with primatic reflectors that increase the total librariation to about 25 000 decreased. piranatic resectors that increase the total illumination to about 25,000 downward candle-power and make the company's windows the most brightly illuminated spot of its size in town. The illumination is made the more effective by reason of the fact that its sources are concealed.

Threatening Son Sent to the Workhouse William Roseman, who threatened to shoot his father, Abraham Roseman, a diamond merchant of 9 Maiden Lane, last week, was sent to the workhouse for three months by Magistrate Breen in the Harlem court

TOMMY WOULDN'T WEAR ONE SIDED CLOTHES AND GET WET.

How Little Maria Learned the Nature of Soap and How the Very Beautiful Nastertiums Appeased Her Outraged Spirit—Held Them Fast in Sleep.

The sojourners at Sea Breeze, the sum ner cottage colony of the N. Y. A. I. C. P., were reenforced yesterday by a delegation of 250 mothers and children from Manhattan. The newcomers, who had assembled at the rooms of the society in Twenty-second street and had been conveyed to their destination by way of the East Twenty-third street ferry and a long line of special trolleys, arrived in time for the noonday dinner and an afternoon bath. After that there were lots and lots of things to do. The mothers, of course, had to tuck the small babies away in the tiny white beds on the upper porch, but a boy or girl over two years old could gather a rich and varied collection of stones in a gleaming new red tin pail or build an imposing fort of shining white sand or run races with the masses of white foam that came so much higher up on the beach at some times than they did at others.

Here and there, however, one of thosa whose condition had been adjudged susceptible of improvement scorned the obvious occupations of the rank and file and sat apart in scornful contemplation of his surroundings. Such a one was Tommy Travers. He clung to his mother and shrieked wildly when a young woman in a pink and white striped frook and beruffled apron made a well intentioned but hopeess attempt to substitute for his knicker bookers and blouse a regulation blue and white surf costume.

"Shan't steal my pants!" wailed Tommy. 'Don't want nasty old closs!"-with a vicious kick in the direction of the obnoxious mass of blue in the hands of the young woman "But, darling," she expostulated, "this is a lovely suit for you to wear when you go in the ocean. Won't you let me put it on?" "Don't like osh'n," continued Tommy, with increased emotion. "Like lake in the park. I sail boats on it."

"But," explained the young woman gently, this isn't a lake. It's the ocean-the sea, you know, for great big boats to sail on, and it's lovely for little boys to play in the waves. Now do let me put the nice bathing suit on. I won't let you get hurt."

"Don't like it," persisted Tommy. "Too big, and it ain't got only one side." "One side—why, whatever do you mean,

Tommy?" "I mean the sky comes down right in the middle of it and there ain't any side to it but this one," elucidated Tommy, and the

young woman surrendered. You'll be sorry," she murmured, patting his tousled black curls.

"Sure an' it's me he hates to be away from even for a minute, though it's four rears old he'll be the 25th of next month, explained his mother, hugging him with her right arm, while she clasped his eighteenmonths-old brother tightly with the left.

The young woman shrugged her shoulders and departed in search of a more adventuresome lad, and Tommy dug his heels sheepishly into the sand.

As might be supposed, Tommy cried when at 5 o'clock he and seventy-five other children were conducted into a room filled with long, low tables and diminutive wooden chairs. He wasn't by any means the only one, however, who regarded the heaped up plates of bread and butter, and the big saucers of apple sauce and the pitchers of milk and the buns just black with raisins with evidences of disfavor.

with evidences of distavor.

A concerted and vigorous yell from half a dozen throats reverberated through the room, postponing the saying of grace and bringing a score of anxious faced women from the mother's dining room with nervous iries as to whether it was. Johnny Mamie or Agnes or Harry who was in trouble.

A precipitous exit on the part of the more distressed among the banqueters followed. Of course these accompanied their mothers Of course these accompanied their mothers into the dining room set apart for the grown-ups and the babies and managed to secure me of the best seats, to the exclusion of several tired looking women with infants in their arms.

A tiny maiden by the name of Maria Villoresi, however, screamed to no avail, for her mother didn't appear with the other mothers in the doorway, and she didn't find out that there was any other dining room except the there was any other dining room except the one that she didn't like. Presently, also, something much worse than being plumped down in the midst of a crowd of horrid children, who called her! "Dago," happened to her. Miss Thompson, whom every one at Sea Breeze has to obey, came along at of a sudden, picked Maria Villoresi right up in her arms, carried her, kicking and screaming harder than ever, upstairs into a room where there were rows and rows of white beds, and then handed her over to another woman.

were rows and rows of white beds, and then handed her over to another woman.

Deliberately and with apparent ease this other woman disrobed Maria Villoresi and then almost drowned her in a whole lot of warm water. That is, Maria Villoresi was perfectly sure that she was being drowned, but the woman had recovered here for a worse fate. She dragged served her for a worse fate. She dragged her up out of the water and then covered her with a lot of nasty, sticky, awful tasting stuff. It didn't get in her eyes, because they were too full of tears to admit another substance, but her mouth got just filled with it. After this the woman rubbed her with a scratchy towel and then buttoned and tied and pinned her into her clothes again, dragged a comb through her hair and then pronounced her ready to go down

and then pronounced her ready to go down stairs.

Maria Villoresi's lungs being in perfectly good condition, she was still shrieking as Miss Thompson led her down stairs and into the office for further discipline.

"Little girl," began Miss Thompson severely, and then she stopped in amazement. Maria Villoresi wasn't crying any more. She was smiling adorably and blinking eestatically through the tears that were overflowing her eyes and streaming

were overflowing her eyes and streaming down her cheeks.

"Molto bella," said Maria Villoresi.

"Molto bella," said Maria Villoresi.
"What?" said Miss Thompson.
Maria Villoresi stretched forth her hands
longingly toward the "mission" table which
adorned the office. "Why, bless my soul!"
exclaimed Miss Thompson, "the child
wants those nasturtiums."
Maria Villoresi snatched eagerly at the
three blossoms which her hostess held out
to her and at once allowed herself to be led
unresistingly into the hated dining room,
where she meekly consumed two huge

to her and at once allowed herself to be led unresistingly into the hated dining room, where she meekly consumed two huge slices of bread and butter and placidly poured a cupful of milk down the front of her dingy gingham frock.

When she slipped into the third cot from the big window on the north side of the girls' dormitory at ten minutes after 7 the nasturtiums were squeezed tightly in the little brown fist that hung over the pillow.

Miss Thompson says that after the first day no one ever cries in the dining room or refuses to go in bathing or is ever willing to go back to New York. But really the strongest proof of how perfectly lovely it is down at Sea Breeze is the fact that the happiest faces of all are found among the little visitors who have been down there for months and months and who won't go away until they are able to walk without the braces and the weights and the frames and the plaster casts with which they have to be burdened just now. These children have a dormitory and a beautiful wide porch all to themselves and they insist that they are much luckier than the other children who can only stay down a week.

dren who can only stay down a week. Not a Relative of Henry Van Dyke.

In the announcement yesterday of the death of Prof. John M. Van Dyke, principal of the Blairstown, N. J., high school, Prof. Van Dyke was said to be a brother of Dr. Henry Van Dyke, the Princeton professor and author. This was a mistake. They were not relatives. NEED 015,000 A MONTH.

United Hebrew Charities' Appeal Selfe Respect Fund Started. A sum of \$15,000 a month for the next four months, it was determined at a meet-ing of the United Hebrew Charities directors yesterday, will be required for the adequate relief of the needy, chiefly those

who never before have called for assistance. Announcement was made of contribu-Announcement was made of contributions regregating several thousand dollars
per month. One man has given a considerable sum to establish what he called
"the Self-Respect Fund," the object of
which is to loan reasonable sums to persons
who by reason of unemployment are obliged
for the first time to call for help. Warner
Van Norden, president of the Van Norden
Trust Company, has agreed to contribute
\$1,000 a month for four months, to be loaned
under the direction of the United Hebrew
Charities.

Charities.
Yesterday's meeting of the directors of the United Hebrew Charities was called because the conferees who attended last week's meeting had addressed them as

A condition of serious distress, not equalled by that occasioned by the panic of '93, now prevails among the Jewish poor. The results of continual lack of employment are now more painfully manifest than in the winter, as the savings of many thrifty and self-respecting people are gone and their

esources completely exhausted. -Conditions are worse at present than in the winter. The amount of business of the small storekeeper, always an index of conditions in a poor neighborhood, has become alarmingly low. All of the many relief or-ganizations maintained by the people of the East Side are overrun with applicants

we would be the last to deny that there are many hungry children who must have food, but we desire also to plead the cause of the many more hungry fathers and mothers who have not been ministered to. Were the Jewish people of the city of New York acquainted with those conditions they would respond liberally to all appeals for help. Certain it is that the aid of the United Hebrew Charities had not been adequate. We make this assertion not in a spirit of criticism of your organization, which we know has during

the last year frequently appealed to the Jewish people for contributions. \* \* We, the undersigned, qualified by our knowledge of conditions and many years of residence on the East Side, urgently request the Jewish people of our city to come to the assistance of their suffering brothers and sisters. We ask the United Hebrew Charities to make an urgent appeal for additional funds to enable it to meet this unusual condition of poverty adequately.
Dr. P. A. Sigelstein, president Rumanian

Hebrew Association; Harry Fischel, treasurer Hebrew Sheltering House; Charles S. Bernheimer, assistant head worker University Settlement; James H. Hamilton, head worker University Settlement; Mrs. Meyer Frankel. . Michael Brown, president Janitors Association of New York; Henry Moskowitz, Downtown Ethical Society: Henry Fleischman, John L. Bernstein, Hebrew Immigrant

TAFT'S CAMPAIGN MANAGER Will Be Chosen on Saturday at Oyster Bay -T. Roosevelt, Jr., and Steel Trust.

OYSTER BAY, June 24 .- On Saturday President Roosevelt will entertain Secretary Taft, Secretary Wright and several other prominent Republicans, who will

exactly as he tries hundreds of other men every year and is trying hundreds this

year.

"The young man is at this moment off seeing if there is a chance at another job where he was told that he might get employment, having given up going on the Mayflower to the boat race for the purpose Mayflower to the barticular place, which Mayflower to the boat race for the purpose of looking up this particular place, which is in connection with a well known manufacturing concern. He will probably not decide for two or three months which particular place he will try. Except for the publication in the newspapers, neither the President nor his son knows that the company for which Greenway is superintendent has any connection either directly or indirectly with the Steel Corporation.

"If it has it will, of course, make no difference. Young Roosevelt, if he goes into ference. Young Roosevelt, if he goes into it, will be hired as a laborer, and stand or fall strictly on his own merits. The President does not know whether Mr. Greenway's company has any connection with the way's company has any connection with the Steel trust, but he knows Mr. Greenway well, and he knows that not all the officials of the Steel trust could persuade him to put on or keep off a single man unless it met with his approval, and this offer was purely of Mr. Greenway's own volition, and the President does not believe a human being connected with the Steel trust knew anything about it.

"The statement that young Roosevelt accompanied several officials of the Steel Corporation on an inspection of the

Steel Corporation on an inspection of the works last summer is false. He went out to visit Mr. Greenway, and it was at that time that Mr. Greenway offered to take him on and try him as a laborer, just as any one else is tried."

YACHT WINDWARD SUNK.

Was Once the Property of Jay Gould -Seams Opened in Storm.

PORTLAND, Me., June 24.-The schooner yacht Windward, once the property of Jay Gould and now owned by Capt. Greenlaw of Boston, is sunk near Isle au Haut and may be a total loss. The Windward was bound for eastern Maine, where she was to be used as a houseboat.

Last Friday night a severe southwesterly gale was encountered. The Windward gale was encountered. The Windward labored heavily as the night advanced and the wind increased. When the yacht had been driven to a point about twenty-five miles southeast by south from Monhegan the centreboard dropped and the strain caused seams in the bottom of the yacht to open to such an extent that the craft rapidly filled with water. Those of the crew who could be spared from the deck began to ball the schooner with buckets, as it was impossible for the pumps to control the impossible for the pumps to control

At dawn the tired men sighted Isle au Haut and succeeded in getting the Windward into shoal water, where she sank. The crew escaped in a small boat.

BICYCLE TRIP THROUGH EUROPE. Three Cornell Students Will Sail on a Cattle Ship From Philadelphia.

ITHACA, N. Y., June 24.-Two Cornell athletes, Charles M. French, captain of the Cornell track team, and Burton J. Lamon, captain of last fall's cross-country

Lamon, captain of last fall's cross-country team, will sail on a cattle ship from Philadelphia Saturday for a bicycle trip through the Continent. They will be accompanied by George Bogert, one of the most prominent members of the class of 1906 and who attained high literary and speaking homors and who was graduated from the Cornell College of Law in June.

Their combination of brawn, speed and brains will do Europe on the personally conducted plan, travelling through England, Germany, Italy, Belgium and Holland. They have a letter from former Ambassador to Germany Andrew D. White to every American ambassador and minister in Europe, and another from him to the American consuls. The boys expect to be gone three months.

SAFE TO KEEP OUT OF POLITICS

BULL DECLINED TO BE RED-HEADED CANDIDATE FOR KING.

To What Do You Attribute Your Su in Life? an Earnest Inquirer Inquires, and He Answers With an Episode of Adventure on the Madagascar Coast.

An earnest minded young man had transmitted to Lieut. Bull McCarthy a letter in which he asked, "To what do you at-tribute your success in life?"—a question calculated to impinge sharply upon the nerves of most philosophers. But Bull, etween entries in the blotter, took it calmly. "I do not know just what will be most

suitable to say in reply to this young man," he said. "The lives of geniuses have been wrecked by the question he puts so lightly. Diogenes took to a tub upon hearing it. Upright and sage men like Cloero and Albert J. Beveridge have been led to reply in words that make us wonder if they forgot to put away childish things."

There entered three smiling Greeks in

custody. It was intimated they had been gambling. Bull shook his head.
"Dear me," he sighed. "We are eliminating that by moral sussion. But some folks will kick against the pricks." There was a world of pity and sympathy and deprecation in the way Bull waggled his

head.
"I wish I had a glass of buttermilk." sighed Lieut. Paddy Lane, sitting beside Bull. "How foolish to experiment with moral sussion in hot weather! It is like mentioning the humidity to a perspiring fat man."

man."

"The battle is already on," commented Lieut. Bull as he finished the last Grecian pedigree. "It is a conflict between Taft and the weather. Heretofore the elements have buffeted men at their will. But at last we have a champion. If Taft is elected the weather goes down to defeat. It is a fierce struggle. See how hot it has been already. Old Sol is going to melt up William Howard Taft or bust the thermometers. The humidity is doing its darndest. But Taft fixes his mind on a pleasant thought, an intellectual electric fan. Well might the poet exclaim:

Keep cool. Three Huadred Weight,

Keep cool, Three Hundred Weight, Humanity with all its fears. Humidity and countless beers Are hanging breathless on thy fate.

Humldity and countless beers
Arc hanging breathless on thy fate.

"By Sam Hill, I do believe you are right, Bull," cried Lieut. Paddy Lane in an ecstasy of interest. "But to revert to the original theme: How are you going to answer that young man's question?"

"As to what I attribute my success in life to?" queried Bull, rearing his head alertly. "In the first place I can't answer it, nor could anybody else answer it for himself. Then it would be highly immodest of me to answer it if I could. By doing so I would imply that I have been a success in life, which, while I firmly believe, from my own personal state of happiness, to be very probably exactly—and oh! all so concretely and vividly—true, or at least possessing such a verisimilitude—for heaven's sake, Paddy, go ask Henry James and he will tell you all about it. My head begins to wheel."

Bull was so visibly agitated by the intrusion of his psychological analyses into his conversation that Paddy Lane sat for several minutes in still alarm. Then Bull spake forth:

"Howsomever, it is an excellent thing to keep out of politics while travelling on the

Howsomever, it is an excellent thing to

other prominent Republicans, who will discuss with the President the appointment of the chairman of the Republican national committee. The appointment will be decided at this conference.

John Collaire O'Laughlin, the recently appointed secretary of the American commission to the Tokio exposition, visited Secretary Loeb at the executive office to-day. He did not go to Sagamere Hill. Secretary Loeb gave out to-day the following statement concerning a story published in a New York newspaper regarding Theodore Roosevelt, Jr.'s, employment in a mine owned by the Steel Corporation:

"The story as regards its implication is a pure falsehood. John Greenway, who was in the President's regiment, has told young Roosevelt that he will try him on a job simply as one of the ordinary miners and exactly as he tries hundreds of other men of the chairman of the Republican national keep out of politics while travelling on the keep out of politics while travelling on the road to success," he resumed. "There isn't any success in politics. Sconer or later it breaks your heart.

"When we were in Madagascar we encountered a savage tribe called the Saka-lavers. They adored red hair. It was exceedingly rare among them and a red haired gent was King of the tribe. When I arrived on the Madagascan scene on the tribe beseeched me to become their ruler, offering to cook the existing sovereign for my coronation dinner. Thrice this proposal was made to me and I did thrice refuse. Enticing and alluring as the prospect was, I felt sure that soon another Rufus would serve him roast Bull and that would have broken my heart." And from the way Bull pursed his lips and shook his head Lieut. Paddy Lane could not his head Lieut. Paddy Lane could not doubt it.

Passengers by the Hamburg-American liner Deutschland, off to-day for Plymouth, Cherbourg and Hamburg:

Brig -Gen. James A. Buchanan, Feline and Mrs. Pardo: Mr. and Mrs. Robert L. Par-rish, Mrs. John C. Spooner, Brig.-Gep. Peter D. Vroom and Mr. and Mrs. M. H. De Young. Sailing by the French liner La Provence

Mrs. Franklin Brewster, Count Gabriel de Pontac, J. Pierpont Morgan, Mrs. W. G. McKunley, Mr. and Mrs. Robert K. Cassatt, Mr. and Mrs. Gaston Tallet, George von L. Meyer, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. Clarence S. Day. Aboard the White Star liner Arabic,

which sails to-day for Queenstown and Liverpool: Prof. and Mrs. Wilder Bancroft, Mr. and Mrs. Byron S. Adams, the Right Rev. Samuel C. Edsail, Bishop of Minnesota, and Mrs. Edsail; the Right Rev. Edwin S. Lines, Bishop of Newark, and Mrs. Lines; Mr. and Mrs. Charles L. Wetherbee.

Passengers by the North German Lloyd steamship Prinz Friedrich Wilhelm, for Plymouth, Cherbourg and Bremen: Chauncey M. Depew, Mr. and Mrs. L. A. Van Praag, Baron and Baroness Fritz von Hiller, Judge C. B. Howry and the Rev. and Mrs. Archibald Campbell Knowles.

Porter-Mattingly.

Washirgton, June 24.—Miss Winifred M. Mattingly, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Mattingly, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Samuel L. Mattingly, and Major David D. Porter U. S. M. C., grandson of the late Admiral Porter, were married here to-day. The ceremony was performed in St. John's Church at 5:30. The bridal party included Mrs. Ethelbert L. D. Breckenridge, formerly Miss Genevieve Mattingly, cousin of the bride, matron of honor; Col. Littieton W. T. Waller, U. S. M. C., Lieut.-Col. Charles H. Lauch heimer, U. S. M. C.; Lieut.-Col. Charles M. McCawley, Col. Frank L. Denny, U. S. M. C.; Capt. Richard S. Hooker, U. S. M. C.; Lieutenant-Commander Cleland Davis, U. S. M. C.; Major André W. Brewster, U. S. A.; Capt. Philip S. Brown, U. S. M. C., and Clary Ray, ushers. A reception to several hundred guests was held in the home of the bride's uncle, William F. Mattingly.

Morse-Pevey.

CAMBRIDGE, Mass., June 24.—At 7 o'clock to-night Miss Elvah May Pevey, daughter to-night Miss Elvah May Pevey, daughter of City Solicitor G. A. A. Pevey of Cambridge, and Benjamin W. Morse, son of Charles W. Morse of New York, were married by Dr. Frederick E. Marble of the North Avenue Baptist Church.

Mr. Morse, who is a Harvard senior, received his diploma from the college to-day. Miss Pevey is one of the most popular girls in the younger Cambridge society set and has a wide circle of friends in Boston.

Over a thousand invitations were issued for a reception which was held immediately after the ceremony at the home of the bride's parents.

parents.
Mr. and Mrs. Charles W. Morse, parents of the bridegroom, attended the wedding. Potter-Bradin.

Miss C. Louise C. Bradin was married at 5 o'clock last evening to Mr. Howard Ellsworth Potter at the home of the bride's mother, Mrs. Clara A. C. Bradin, 232 Belleville avenue, Newark. The Rev. Percival Bates, rector of St. James's Episcopal Church. Newark, officiated. Following a reception, the bridal party was entertained at dinner at the Hotel Plaza in this city by A. Newell Guernsey of Philadelphia. Mr. Potter is connected with the City Audit Company and is known in musical circles in this city. He managed concert tours of Mesdames Nordica, Sembrich and Calvé.

EAST ORANGE, N. J., June 24.-Miss Corinne East Orange, N. J., June 24.—Miss Corinne Miller, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Franklin Baboock Miller of 51 Halsted street, East Orange, was married to-night to Edward Gruet Kent. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Brewer Eddy, pastor of Trinity Congregational Church. The bride's only attendant was her cousin, Dorothy B. Miller, who acted as flower girl. Stephen H. Condit of East Orange was best man, and the ushers were Samuel Baboock Hiller, a brother of the bride, and Charles M. Post of New York.

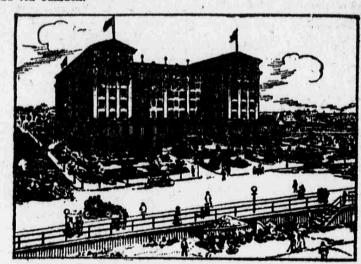
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BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

The phrase "The Land of the Living." which Maude Radford Warren uses as the title of her forthcoming novel, is quoted from the remarks of old Callahan, the Irish boss, to his idealistic young protégé, the hero of the book: "Don't try to be a poet either. They're no good-dead. This is the land of the living." There are many other quotable good things in Mrs. Warren's new book. "There never was reformer yet that wasn't an inverted boss," says one man. "They get obsessed by their ideas; they want things done their little way; it's the only way. They won't take new light. There ain't any new light; they've got it all." And another says: "I distrust a man that pats himself on the back because he's honest. He ought to take it as a matter of course."

Mrs. Humphry Ward's home in England is one of the beautiful old mansion houses for which England is noted. Years ago in the days of the early poets Waller lived on this estate, which dates back so far that it is mentioned in the Domesday Book. A niche hewn out of a huge old tree is called the "Poet's Seat." The author's workroom, where "Lady Rose's Daughter." The Marriage of William Ashe" and "Fenwick's Career" were written, is a small chamber with a beautiful outlook over rolling country and green meadows. The singularly unimportant name for so beautiful an estate, especially in a country where every farmhouse has a dignified and picturesque title. Even a jerry built cottage in a row is called a "villa" and an ordinary country house is designated as a "mansion"

or a "hall." Mr. Frederick Moore, the author of "The Passing of Morocco," is living in London, where he was married recently to a young Englishwoman. Mr. Moore's home was formerly in New Orleans, but his duties as war correspondent have taken him to all

parts of the world.

Mr. Maurice Baring, the author of "The Gray Stocking," is the brother of Lord Revelstoke and a member of a remarkable family. He is a man of fine linguistic accomplishments and was first recognized by the public when he wrote his book about the Russo-Japanese war. Mr. Baring's advent among the playwrights is a notable event. and his scheme to give a transcript rather than a selection of real life as passed in a

country house is an interesting departure. Mrs. Maude Radford Warren, author of the forthcoming book "The Land of the Living," is an Irish woman. She has all the enthusiasm of the genuine Celt for Ireland and makes repeated visits to the old country, where she spent the whole of last summer. At present Mrs. Warren is living in Chicago in the university district and taking her place as a leader in literary circles, notably in the Little Room Club, of which she is a member. Mr. and Mrs. Warren were both teaching at the university when they met. The romance of their engagement was followed by a wedding at the Executive Mansion in Illinois, both young people being friends of the Governor.

The Catholic "Who's Who" is now in its third edition. From it we may learn that a daughter of Charles Kingsley, a grandson of Charles Dickens and a great-granddaughter of Sir Waiter Scott are all members of the Roman Catholic Church. Mrs. Thurston, the author of "John Chilcote, M. P.," and Lord Alfred Douglas, the editor of the Academy, are also members of the Church of Rome. John Oliver Hobbes (Mrs. Craigie) was a convert to that faith. Mr. Marion Crawford, Mr. Max Pemberton, Mrs. de la Pasture and Mrs. Egerton Castle are all Romanists.

"The class of visitors" to which the hero of "The Post Girl" belongs is, in the vernacular of Yorkshire, "the pleasure seeking variety, which comes for a month, is charged unprotesting for lights and fire, never lends a hand to the washing of its own pots. and pays town price for country butter. Our local designation for such guestswhen we get them-is 'spawers." spawer who figures in Mr. Edward C. Booth's new book is a musical genius. His vocation is the writing of a concerto. His avocation is the wooing of the Post Girl. It is a fresh bit of romance with a jovial priest to manipulate it and plenty of good local color and quaint characters to make it entertaining and unlike any other book of the season.

Edwin George Pinkham's forthcoming story, "Fate's a Fiddler," opens in a second hand bookshop in Charlestown, Mass., and continues in Swampscott, a suburb chiefly procession, originated by summer residents. The title and incidents must be taken from Henley's "Double Ballade of entertainment."

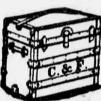
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Life and Fate," in which the refrain is

"Fate's a fiddler, life's a dance." Robert Herrick's "Together." which will be published early next month, is the first novel he has written since "The Memoirs of an American Citizen." Mr. Herrick makes marriage the beginning of his story instead of following the usual oustom of bringing it about at the conclusion. "Together" is said to be best described as a novel about married people, for all per-

sons who are married. Max Pemberton and his collaborator, Miss Ford, have hastened the dramatiza-tion of "Sir Richard Escombe" and Mr. Hackett will bring out the play in St. Louis in August. Something of the reckless soldier's attraction for Mr. Hackett, whose grace with the sword even a fictitious hero cannot rival, became evident when the story was described as "a romance with the sparkle of steel in the sunlight."

Amélie Rives, like Edith Wharton, began to write when she was a small girl." Mrs. Wharton was carefully trained for her work, but Amélie Rives was more or less repressed by her relatives, who despaired of being able to direct her to anything else. Finally they tried the scheme of taking away from her any paper upon which to write. Carefully smoothing her starched white frock, the ambitious young author wrote all that she had to say upon its surface, and those who had opposed her acknowledged their defeat.

The author of the "best selling book in America" is not aware of his success, for he is hunting wild sheep in Alaska, where book lists of best sellers are unknown. Recently he touched at the settlement of Cordova, where E. H. Hegg runs the best and only bookshop and paints his name and that of his goods on the side of the cabin in big white letters. The author wrote his publishers recently: "Mr. Hegg handles 'The Barrier' in this place and reports a big sale. He has disposed of six already—for oash. That is going some. REX BEACH."

The new Sherlock Holmes stories now appearing in the periodicals, as well as the reprints continually demanded of the original collection, call attention to the development of the detective story. Poe, the master, began it with his "Detective August Dupin." Then followed Gaborian with his "Detective Lecoq," Anna Katharine Green with her "Detective Grice," Conan Doyle's "Sherlock Holmes," Hornung's "Raffles, the Amateur Cracksman" and M. Le Blanc's "Arsene Lupin," the name harking back to the August Dupin of Poe. Of late the "criminal" novel has had curious variations, including "The Secret Agent" of Conrad and the more subtly hypnotic motives of Richard Harding Davis and Hamlin Garland, of which "The Witching Hour" is a dramatic example.

H, G. Wells's forthcoming book is to be called "The War in the Air." As this English writer has a faculty of being, like the sporty parent in "Father and the Boys" some distance ahead of the band in the procession, original and startling situations and incidents may be expected by way of